

Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel Hubbard Bell, November 4, 1882, with transcript

Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel (Hubbard) Bell. L Tremont House, Saturday night, November 4th, 1882. Dear Mabel:

I feel very unhappy and anxious about myself and I want you to be with me to make me take care of myself. The irregularity in the action of my heart is getting to be altogether too regular to make me feel easy — and I fear some organic mischief. If it is only functional then the trouble is due to my habits of life — especially to abuse of my strength by late hours at night — and you are the only one who can help me. I feel it almost impossible to control myself in this respect. I have scarcely slept a wink at night since I saw you last and I am writing this note to you now although it is long past one o'clock and I know I should be in bed.

Going over old telephonic experiments excites me so much that I cannot sleep.

I feel that the only chance of my getting over this heart-trouble is that you should not leave me — but should be with me constantly and watch over me and help me — as you only can — to establish the regular habit of life I was commencing to acquire in Newport — and upon the acquirement of which I believe my continued existence depends. All I am afraid of is that it may now be too late. When I feel badly now I find that my heart gives two beats then a stop — two beats then a stop and so on from twelve to twenty times in succession. I have never noticed before any regularity in the intermission and this leads me to fear that organic trouble may have commenced. I hope to see Dr. Putnam tomorrow. At all events dear — I want you for my sake — not to leave me alone.

When we next meet let us decide that whatever our arrangements may be we shall be together . If it is absolutely necessary that I should be cross-examined in Boston — and

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it seems so — then come with me even if it involves leaving the children and house for a while.

I love you very much my sweet wife and I know your love me too. I am sure you don't want a nicely furnished house without a husband in it — but I fear that is what it will come to if you leave me alone.

I feel that I am my own worst enemy — and that you are my good angel and may be my preserver.

Help me dear.

Your loving husband, Alec. Mrs. A. Graham Bell, Grosvenor Hotel, New York.